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ART. IX. — *Scenery and Philosophy in Europe. Being Fragments from the Portfolio of HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1855.

WE hear so much, in President's messages, speeches in Congress, and Fourth of July orations, about our "unexampled progress," our "wonderful prosperity," and the "success of our free institutions," that these topics have become trite and tiresome, and are regarded as the peculiar property of professional patriots and orators of the stump. Our advancement is as yet chiefly material and industrial, and therefore so much is said about it, for it is the only kind that the multitude can understand and value. Were it more intellectual and moral, the mental superiority which such progress implies, by revealing a higher standard for effort, would shame and prevent all this boasting. High culture and elevated virtue are always humble, because their gaze is fixed on the difficult and the unattained, and imagination and desire far outrun performance. Therefore it is written, "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Nevertheless the victories of industry have their epic aspect, and America as she now stands is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, toiling Africa chained to the car of Commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco, excite the imagination by all that they imply and foreshadow. They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story; for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune in this new world of boundless resources and free activity are more marvellous than the tales of the Arabian Nights. This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race grasping a vast empire like a homestead to cultivate and plant and adorn, this brave army of workers marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons —

the axe, the plough, and the steam-engine — have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword, though the heroes of the farm, the workshop, and the counting-house, like village Hampdens, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of man's effort, and their labors found nations, as those of the coral insect lift the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The eager desire for wealth, the "incessant and Sabbathless" pursuit of it, has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil, and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth and virtue and beauty, withers and dies. "In prosperity no altars smoke." The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, are all turned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual, the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual, and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason, imagination, and taste. We are smitten with "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our only morality is cash payment. Truly has it been said, that "he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." If intemperate drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate money-making is the besetting sin of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the senses destroying the mind; the other, a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion blasting the moral sentiments and palsying the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the "baneful cup," which benumbs his soul, "unmoulding reason's mintage," and transforming him

"Into the inglorious likeness of a beast";

and the infatuated worshipper of Mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of

heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already in this new country luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence the vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the general want of literary taste and culture; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics.

Beautiful indeed are the results of industry, of financial enterprise and mechanical skill, of peace,

“Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births”; —

the steamer, the railroad, the rich and busy city, the cultivated farm, the luxurious and decorated home. But these are material things only, and their chief beauty is in their meaning and expression. If they represent, not virtue and knowledge, cultivated mind and refined taste, but selfishness and worldliness and ignorance, gross feelings and sordid passions, we turn from their splendor to find sentiment and emotion in some scene poor and bare in the outward things which defile not, but rich in thought and feeling, — in some humble home of poet or thinker or artist illumined by genius; some bleak Plymouth rock sanctified by enthusiasm and courage; the muddy trenches and death-strewn fields of some Inkerman or Alma, where wounds and dirt, hunger and tattered garments, are made beautiful by valor and sacrifice. Sweet are the uses of adversity when it develops intellectual power and heroic sentiment. A truth discovered bears not flowers and fruit only, but seed that connects it with all the future; “a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” and noble deeds are perpetual sermons and exhortations. Poverty and hardship, wounds and death, are shadowy and unreal, and quickly vanish, and then

“The glory dies not, and the pain is past.”

Similar to the moral are the intellectual influences of this general desire for immediate, practical, tangible results, — this passion for physical well-being, — by which we are distinguished. We bow down to the idols of the market, and cul-

tivate the understanding which deals with the operative and instrumental, with the application of means to ends, rather than the reason whose province is virtue, truth, and beauty. As Lord Bacon says, ours is "the judgment of Æsop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn to the gem; of Midas, that, being chosen judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, god of flocks, judged for plenty." We reverse the celestial hierarchy, in which "the angels of knowledge and illumination are placed before the angels of office and domination," worshipping, not the Seraphim, which are angels of love, nor the Cherubim, which are angels of light, but the inferior spirits, "which are angels of power and ministry." Too generally the sole end and purpose of our education is "lucre and profession," thus making of knowledge, not

"The wing wherewith we fly to heaven,"

but a "shop for profit and sale." Practical ability, talents for action and affairs, are alone generally appreciated and honored, and physical science is more highly valued than literature, philosophy, or art. Even in physical science we prefer the practical to the theoretical, the application of secondary causes to the study of general truths. We work in the "furnace, not in the mine," of natural philosophy, and seek the production of effects rather than the identification of laws. We study arts rather than sciences, and are thus distinguished for inventions, especially those which shorten labor and increase wealth, rather than for discoveries of new truth. We have able engineers and artisans, but few thinkers who devote their lives to the search of abstract principles to enlarge the domain of knowledge and "conquer the obscurity of nature." Therefore De Tocqueville said, "The Americans, who have not discovered one of the general laws of mechanics, have introduced into navigation an engine which changes the aspect of the world." We are thus in danger of arriving at the stagnant civilization of the Chinese, who have arts, but no sciences, because principles have been forgotten and processes alone are remembered.

If such be the spirit in which physical science is pursued, it follows that mental and moral philosophy and art have few

disciples and lovers. These studies will not build railroads and steamers, or raise the price of lots and stocks. Business men and practical men and professional men, engaged in what are called useful pursuits, not merely neglect, but ridicule and despise them, ignorant that they are the fountains of all knowledge and the sources of civilization and government, — ignorant also that they are the springs of man's purest pleasure and highest good. As such persons, eager for material results alone, look only to the proximate physical causes which produce them, disregarding the spiritual laws on which these depend, so, in their absorbing passion for wealth and its enjoyments, they leave out of view the soul, and care only for the body and its surroundings of comfort and luxury. The dignity and delights of knowledge, of the contemplation of truth, and of sympathy with genius, form no portion of their life. Houses and lands, however, and a sumptuous home, are substantial, visible goods, which all can appreciate. It is well and pleasant to possess these, but not these only, nor to sacrifice higher things for them, for not by bread alone is man fed. To give the best years of life, and all thought, desire, and effort, for wealth, is to gain, not wealth, but poverty. As Solomon says, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." Plato declared that only the wise are rich, and prayed not for "outward things," but that he might become "beautiful in the inner man." But these are not the opinions that rule the hour, and govern conduct and manners. Only the few can see clearly that it is better to have an empty purse than an empty head, high thoughts than high ceilings, an enlarged mind than a wide hall, and that a richly furnished intellect is a more beautiful thing than a sumptuous drawing-room.

It is too much forgotten, in our habits, education, and maxims of life, that the mind, its enjoyments and culture, are of more value than the body, its needs and pleasures. Wealth is a good thing, but not the best. We may seek it temperately and use it lavishly, but not love it. We should love knowledge and virtue, truth and beauty. This is the only foundation of individual worth and national greatness. In-

dustry, enterprise, and energy, with their results, physical well-being, social amelioration, and the "relief of man's estate," are of high excellence and value, but are not sufficient. These causes of prosperity are themselves sustained and commanded by higher laws, revealed only to the eye of thought and contemplation; for, as Lord Bacon says, "If any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are thence served and supplied."

Philosophy and art have however even nobler uses,—the culture of the individual, the increase of the capacity for enjoyment, the substitution of intellectual for sensual pleasures. Dark and narrow indeed is the path in life, however surrounded by external splendor, of him who is insensible to the mystery and wonders of nature, to the magic of genius, to the elevated and glowing sentiment that arises from the contemplation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Not wealth, but knowledge, opens these sources of excellence and delight; for ignorance has her palaces as well as her hovels, and the difference between ignorant wealth and ignorant poverty is only

"A gilded trough and wider sty."

Philosophy and art alone, by disclosing to the soul the infinite, by revealing to man the faculties of his own mind, his relations to nature and to God, and the beauty and glory by which he is surrounded, by offering to his view new and boundless fields of activity and enjoyment, superior to the tasks of the body and the pleasures of sense, give him true freedom and a foretaste of divine and eternal happiness.

We are not matter only, but spirit also, and throughout nature spirit is the lord of matter. All our virtues, all our highest powers and finest pleasures, are not of the body, but of the mind, and these depend not on wealth and luxury, but on knowledge;—knowledge not alone of material things, which are changing and transient, but, in the language of Plato, of "that which is," of the spiritual, the unchangeable, the invisible, the eternal, the only real, of which matter is the representative and shadow. The masters who disclose to us this world of excellence and delight are the seers, sages, and

prophets, the philosophers, poets, and artists, who hold in their hands

“ That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity ” ;

whose oracles teach the science of sciences, the knowledge of knowledges, — the primary truths of nature, and the sources of power and beauty. As in heaven’s hierarchy the angels of love and illumination hold the highest rank, so these serene and lofty spirits are the seraphim and cherubim among men, whom the wise of all ages have agreed to reverence and honor above others, placing them

“ Among the enthroned gods, on sainted seats.”

It is a blessing for a people to have among them great men, especially thinkers, poets, and artists, who enlarge the scope of thought, gratify and cultivate higher taste, and stimulate to generous efforts by a glorious example. It is a happiness to have something of our own to admire and revere, something to inspire us with noble and disinterested emotion. A nation without intellectual guides and superiors, composed of mere workers in physical things for physical good, a people given up to ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, with none among them to point the way to loftier objects, were a sorry sight. Foreign supply of thought is not enough. It is the home manufacture which rouses effort, and gives animation to industry. We cannot have the healthful influences of work unless we work. The sweat of labor is wholesome, and honor is with those who fight the battle, not with those who idly enjoy the fruits of victory. Our race has added many names to the company of gifted spirits who have taught and delighted mankind, and doubtless, in these vast fields of promise to which it has been transplanted, the descendants of those among whom Shakespeare and Bacon lived and moved will prove their nobility of birth. Amid the dead materialism, the narrow-minded and ignoble devotion to coarse utility, the commonplace and barren thought and talk, and the moral depravity of the day, indications are not wanting of a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up in the track of our prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest

rises after the plough and the manure-cart,—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us, poets and philosophers who are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the fit audiences of Europe. Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable. They will do more for us in all true progress than farmers and engineers, than business men and practical men, than politicians and attorneys at law. They will yield nobler profits than railroads and telegraphs, and weave finer fabrics than the Lowell factories can turn out. A volume of history by Prescott, a novel by Hawthorne, a poem by Longfellow or Bryant, is of higher worth than a cotton or corn crop, and ingots of thought from Emerson's intellect are more precious than the gold of California.

These reflections have been suggested by the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. It is another indication of tendencies and influences nobler than the love of gain,—an additional proof that spiritual culture is gradually attracting the homage of the superior mind of the country, not in study only, but in work also, and that the American intellect is not wholly fettered by gross and material interests.

Our pleasure, however, is mingled with regret, for the work is posthumous. Its gifted author is not here to reap that harvest of fame, the hope of which, we may suppose, spurred him on, through a studious youth,

“To scorn delights and live laborious days.”

He died in the maturity of his powers and the midst of his career, with faculties trained by cultivation and a mind accomplished with various knowledge. These writings are unfinished. They did not receive the last touches of the artist. Their excellence is a sufficient token of what he would have done had Providence permitted the completion of his designs.

Mr. Wallace was a member of the Philadelphia bar. He was never, however, engaged in its practical, instrumental labors. He studied law as a science,—the science of human rights and civil relations,—and his philosophic mind led him

to the investigation of the principles of jurisprudence rather than their immediate application to affairs. He was thus seldom seen in the courts, but he is known to the profession by several valuable works which he edited in conjunction with his friend, Judge Hare, which display in both writers distinguished learning and ability, and which have obtained high reputation and authority throughout the country. It was not till the publication of the present volume that Mr. Wallace was known to the public as an author beyond the elevated sphere of professional effort which he had chosen. The book was therefore a surprise to all except the circle of his familiar friends. It exhibits so much taste and sensibility, such power of thought and glowing richness of style, that it has at once placed him among the eminent writers of the day.

The philosophy of art, and a criticism of some of its highest manifestations in architecture and painting in England and on the Continent, form the chief topics of this volume. There is an unfinished essay on the Positive Philosophy of Comte, and also some eloquent descriptions of scenery in Italy and the Alps; but art is evidently the subject nearest to the writer's heart, which calls forth all his powers, and he treats it with the skill which is born of knowledge and the enthusiasm which springs from elevated moral sentiment, poetic feeling, and lively sensibility to the beauties of nature and the glories of human genius.

There are few topics more important and of more extensive application. In its highest sphere, art is a source of intellectual and moral power of the noblest kind, and even in its humbler creations and purposes it produces happy and civilizing influences upon society. It excites and gratifies intellectual desires, cultivates a love of nature and of beauty, and surrounds life with the charm of elegance and refinement. It adds grace to luxury, feeling and expression to ornament. It can adorn the useful, and combine intellectual delight with the service of common ends, and its touches shame the vulgar finery of upholstery and the parade of mere costliness, by contrasting them with the beauty that reveals thought and addresses mind.

As beauty is the source of our purest enjoyment, so the

bounty of heaven has everywhere spread it abroad. It beams upon our daily life from every tree and blade of grass and way-side flower, from the clouds and sky above our heads, and from the stones and earth beneath our feet, a constant blessing. Blind and unfortunate indeed is he, who having eyes cannot see it, or whose soul cannot feel and respond to these divine influences streaming forth from universal being around him. It is the province of art to reproduce this beauty; in poetry, and, vaguely and sensuously, in music, by recalling the images of nature and their associations to the mind; in painting, sculpture, and architecture, by visible representations of the things themselves, or suggestions of them.

It is the province of art to reproduce the beautiful, — but what is beauty? It were vain to attempt a definition where Plato failed; but when he mentions in the *Hippias Major*, as instances of beauty, a fair maiden, a handsome horse, and a well-formed soup-dish, and tells us in the *Banquet*, that “the beauty which exists in any form whatever is the brother of that which is in a different form,” and again, that we should rise in our contemplation and keep ascending, “for the sake of the *beautiful itself*, from one beautiful object to two, and from two to all, and from the beauty of bodies to the beauty of the soul, and from the beauty of the soul to that of pursuits, and from the beauty of pursuits to that of doctrines,” or of truth, we get a glimpse of the mysterious unity of nature, and see how wide is the domain of the beautiful, and consequently of art. We see that this feeling of the beautiful is produced alike by the moral and spiritual things contemplated by the mind and by the physical things which affect the senses. The mountains and the ocean, the forest and the river, the blooming clover and the waving grain, the wondrous forms of animals and of man and woman, touch us with the same emotions as the perception of intellectual truth and the contemplation of virtuous deeds. They are manifestations of the moral and inner life of the world, of the Eternal Mind whose thoughts are constant laws, and which is revealed alike by the small and the great, in each as in all, whether it swells the surges of the deep,

"Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving,"

or pushes forth the tender filaments of the fern-leaf or the moss; whether it wheels the planets in their appointed paths, or drops an acorn in the autumn woods. It is the power to manifest the invisible that gives to the visible its influence over us, and this manifestation, this language, is beauty, beauty that gleams and glows around us because it shines within us. Matter is the "oracle of God's works," and is moulded and penetrated by eternal laws of which it is the expression. Every object of nature is beautiful, is an "embodied joy," because it is the outward sign of the moral and spiritual beauty inclosed within it,—

"Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass that screen it from the view."

As nature is symbolical and a language, so must the art be which represents nature, and as man sees in nature the expression of his mind, so the artist finds in external objects types and emblems of the thought and passion of his soul. For these uses he employs them, and in his hands they perform the same office that they do in nature. He selects from the vast magazine of being forms which express his meaning, leaving out the accessories that would diminish the force of the language and mar its effect. But the artist does not merely select, he idealizes. The forms of matter suggest a higher and more expressive beauty than their own, which he "turns into shapes," giving it "a local habitation and a name." This sensibility to the influences of nature, this power to see her splendor, and from her hints to imagine a fairer beauty, is the prerogative of genius, and in the hands of genius art reproduces the objects of nature, moulded to express the sentiment and idea of the artist's mind; thus "submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind," and proving how entirely matter is plastic by thought,—is a vesture of thought. "Thus," says Emerson, whose profound and subtile intellect breathes as its native element "the difficult air of the iced mountain-tops" of truth,— "thus in our fine

arts, not imitation, but creation, is the aim. In landscapes, the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. The details, the prose of nature, he should omit, and give us only the spirit and splendor. He should know that the landscape has beauty for his eye because it expresses a thought which to him is good; and this because *the same power which sees through his eyes is seen in that spectacle*; and he will come to value the expression of nature, and not nature itself, and so exalt in his copy the features that please him. He will give the gloom of gloom and the sunshine of sunshine. In a portrait, he must inscribe the character and not the features, and must esteem the man who sits to him as *himself only an imperfect picture or likeness of the aspiring original within.*"

Such being the nature of art, what is the highest art? Plainly, that which by the most powerful and impressive symbols, idealized by the imagination of genius, utters and records the highest and most affecting sentiments. The most expressive symbol is man, the microcosm of nature, "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." With him we have instant and perfect sympathy, and his form and features are a universal language reaching all minds and all hearts. As man is the highest symbol, so the sentiments inspired by religion are the noblest and most absorbing sentiments. The highest art, therefore, is that which expresses, by representation of the human form, the reverence and awe, the aspiration and love of religious enthusiasm, in a great and intellectual spirit.

Such was the art of Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy. Only twice in the world's history has the tree of human life blossomed with this costly flower. Poetry, philosophy, the thought that founds and moulds institutions and laws, the genius that leads armies and builds up empires, nature reproduces from time to time under different forms, but Grecian and Italian art, each inspired by religious feeling, appeared, reached rapidly a perfection since unapproached, and then vanished, followed as yet by no similar display of power. On this subject we must quote Mr. Wallace.

"In traversing various nations, and viewing the monuments that still remain upon earth of the capacities and accomplishments that, in any

former times, have belonged to mankind, we quickly see that the faculty of Art has only at certain and very rare periods been possessed by man ; and that it partook the aspect of a real inspiration, streaming forth free from apparent relation to intellect, intention and will. We shall find that it has appeared, not as the accidental and occasional attribute of individual persons, separated in time and place, and starting up alone and unfollowed, in a community otherwise destitute of the manifestations of such a possession, but rather as a characteristic of a society, nation, or particular people, at certain eras, and in special ages of their history. . . . In the range of the world's experience, there seem to have been but four special displays of artist-inspiration so undefective in their completeness, so exalted in significance, so absolute in splendor, as to fill every susceptibility that our nature can conceive to be the subject of an emotion. The reason finds in them no sign of deficiency ; feeling can suggest no limit to their interest. They stand in the mystery of an inherent Perfection ; participating of an apparent divinity in the inscrutableness of their nature, as well as in the overpowering might of their moral power. Through them, the mind runs upward along the viewless chain of spiritual sympathy till it loses itself in the Infinite. These are Greek sculpture, Italian painting, Gothic architecture, and Greek architecture." — pp. 17 – 19.

It would be an interesting study to trace the causes which produced in each period and people this wonderful development of genius. There are circumstances common to both, which show that the same influences led in each case to the result, and that these influences have at no other times been brought simultaneously into action. Grecian art rose to its highest point in the age of Pericles, Italian art in the age of Leo X. and his immediate predecessors. In each nation it was a period of victory after long effort, of wealth and ease won by the hardy virtues of the past, and also of the luxury and corruption that precede decay. Policy and war had placed Athens at the head of Greece, and opened to her sources of unbounded wealth, whilst the excitement of glory and success had stimulated all the powers of the most intellectual race the world has seen. Thus freed from external pressure and the necessity of action for defence, the genius of the people burst forth in art, because the perception and passionate love of the beautiful was part of their nature. This taste was encouraged and directed by Pericles, who ruled because he repre-

sented the dominant sentiment of the people, to the embellishment of Athens, and it became his pride and theirs to make their city the seat of all elegance and delight, to crown her not only with the diadem of power, but with the garland of beauty.

The religion of Greece was a polytheism and a mythology. The gods of her worship were ideal persons, representing the forces of nature and the attributes of humanity. They were truly myths, creations of the imagination of successive ages, embodied in the traditions and poetry of the people. The deities of Olympus were represented as clothed in human form, as moved by human passions, as connected among themselves by human relations. They were the faculties, emotions, and sentiments of man, and the mysterious powers of nature, deified, invested with shape, and the acts attributed to these ideal persons had a moral and allegorical significance.

This poetical and popular religion was the dominant feeling of the time. These forms of gods and goddesses embodied the sentiment and thought of the people, and by them alone could the artist express his own thought and sentiment to the people. It is this necessity of using a language that all can understand, which makes art and literature a record of the genius of the age. As Emerson says, "No man can quite emancipate himself from his age and country, or produce a model in which the religion, the politics, usages, and arts of his times have no share. . . . Now that which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race." The art of Greece was thus necessarily symbolical of the religion of Greece, and the religion of Greece was the worship of the human form, the most powerful of all instruments for expressing the universal feelings of man to man. Tangible, definite images were thus afforded to art as symbols of thought, and at the same time a boundless scope for idealization, for exalting and refining the type to make it a fit language to represent the ideas of grandeur and beauty in the artist's mind.

These various causes were combined in a striking manner to excite the genius of the Italian people of the age of Leo X., — a people, like the Greeks, intellectual, imaginative, endowed with native taste and sensibility, open therefore to the influences of art, and educated to the love of beauty by the unequalled charms of climate and scenery by which they were surrounded. The Roman Church had then reached its culminating point of wealth and power. It was a time of success and enjoyment, also of elegance and refinement; of corruption and decay too, for it was the period of the Reformation. Rome was to Leo X. what Athens was to Pericles. He devoted himself to the restoration and embellishment of the queen city of so many grand and stirring memories, the seat of ancient empire so vast, of present power even higher and more sublime. For this purpose he summoned genius wherever it could be found, and lavished with unsparing hand the enormous revenues of the Church. At that time, also, an extraordinary mental activity was produced throughout Europe by various events which make it the most interesting and important period in modern history. The then recent discovery of America, the invention of printing, the revival of ancient learning, gave impulses to thought, motives for action, and realms to the imagination, previously unknown, stirring all spirits by new ideas and hopes, by novel views of life and government, by glimpses of fresh worlds of beauty and wonder across the Atlantic and across the ages of darkness, which, more tempestuous than the ocean, had rolled between them and the classic times of Greece and Rome. Whilst the causes of modern civilization were thus commencing their action, and the cities of Italy had become the seats of letters and the arts, the influence of the past was still powerful. The spirit of chivalry, softened by increasing refinement, still influenced the manners of society, and religion, Christianity, moulded and directed by the Church, ruled the minds and feelings of the people.

In Rome, as in Greece, the idea of divinity was represented by the human form. The persons of the Greek mythology were worshipped as gods, themselves possessing sanctity and dominion; the persons of the Christian religion

were worshipped, one as the incarnation of the Deity, the others as inspired by him with superhuman wisdom, and endowed by him with superhuman power. The gods of the one religion were creatures of the imagination, with faculties and attributes higher than humanity, but still human; the God of the other was the Eternal, the Infinite in wisdom, power, and virtue, uncreated, incomprehensible, the Creator of all things, the Witness of all thoughts, the Judge of all actions, the Giver of all good, who in mercy and love to man had manifested himself in the form of humanity to guide and to save. The holy persons of the Christian worship were also men and women who formed part of authentic history, full of interest and warm with the glow of ordinary life. Aside from its religious aspect, the story of Christ, his pure and sublime character, his exalted wisdom and virtue, his sufferings and his death, is the most touching and majestic narrative recorded by man. All the events of his life, all the relations which he bore to others, the virgin mother and holy child, his intercourse with his disciples, his miracles, his enemies, and his crucifixion, have a powerful dramatic interest, palpitating with human feeling. Such, also, were the records of the Old Testament, with its wars and wonders, its kings, prophets, and saints, its celestial hierarchy surrounding the throne of the Eternal. All these events were holy and sacred; all these persons were objects of worship among a people governed by the senses, who could not distinguish between the idea and its type, or prefer the invisible to the external. They were thus offered by the genius of the hour as symbols to art, as a language in which to utter the universal sentiment, as the only language by which it could find utterance or be understood. Religion was again practically a polytheism, and the human form an object of worship. Happily the bounty of Nature furnished great men fitted for the occasion. She gave to the world at the fortunate moment Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, as before she had given Phidias, and they found in Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X. patrons resembling Pericles in wealth, power, and cultivated taste.

The same religious enthusiasm produced the Grecian and the Gothic architecture. To lavish cost, labor, and skill on the

temples, to do honor to religion, to erect fanes worthy its worship, to embellish its shrines and holy places, and to body forth in visible images its solemn mysteries, profound emotions, and soaring aspirations, became the glory and pride of the Church, of princes, and of people. The artist strove to express the religious sentiment by form,—form which is ever plastic to the touch of mind, and which in the world around us is eloquent of thought and feeling. The Greek, elegant and artificial from a commercial and city life, selected as his language the ideal of symmetry and proportion, a fit type of the order, law, and harmony which reign through the works of God, and he thus produced those faultless edifices, aptly described as “frozen music,” whose beauty is still a model unsurpassed. The nations of Northern Europe, descendants of the warriors and hunters, of the free and generous race of “barbarians” who overturned the ancient empire, sought the instruments of expression in the striking and majestic scenes of nature amid which they lived. To speak to them the artist caught from the vistas of the forest, with its roof of interlacing boughs, its checkered and painted light and sounding aisles, its delicate tracery of leaf and spray; from the mass of the mountain, its gray pinnacles, craggy buttresses, and rocky sides decorated with oak and pine, images of grandeur and beauty which, combined by the creative hand of genius, resulted in the Gothic architecture, more glowing and more varied in expression, altogether more noble and sublime, than that of Greece, and which looks, as Mr. Willis happily said, “as though it had been built by giants and adorned by fairies.”

The first three Essays of the volume under review are devoted to a consideration of the principles of art, and Mr. Wallace has shown, with eloquence and force, that its wonderful development and perfection, both in Greece and Italy, arose from the same causes, religious feeling and the worship of the human form; to which we think may be added, the patronage of wealth and power, and the fortunate appearance in the world of artists of supreme and unrivalled genius. But Mr. Wallace has gone farther than this, and seems to regard religious sentiment as the sole source, not only of the

highest, but of all worthy and valuable art. This, we think, is taking too narrow a view of its province and powers, a view philosophically untrue and practically injurious. Religious sentiment is not the whole of man's life. He is moved and interested also by the passions and affections that spring from human actions and relations, and by the influences of nature around him. For these too plastic art, like poetry, is a language reaching our sympathies with a directness and force often more powerful than words. It would be easy to prove this by a reference to the history of art, which is indeed an epitome of the history of man. Even the great masters of Greece and Italy were by no means exclusively employed upon religious subjects. Love and war, chivalry and romance, were frequently their topics. And the more modern schools, from Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude, Poussin, and Hogarth, down to our own day, the day of Canova and Thorwaldsen, of Turner, Gainsborough, and Wilkie, of Powers and Steinhauser, have displayed in every variety of effort the power of art to delight, elevate, and purify by the representation of beauty and the expression of the universal feelings of humanity.

It is said by Mr. Wallace that "art is symbolical, not imitative." It would be more correct to say that it is symbolical because it is true. He attributes too much to the imagination of the artist, and too little to the expressive power of nature.

"Art," he says, "discovers and works out the inherent capacity of natural forms, *when idealized by the imagination*, to symbolize those spiritual sentiments which form the subject of Art. This is its perfect condition. Finally, in its last and lowest stage, it forgets its prophetic and mediatorial function, and merely reflects the *dull actual*: and this is the state in which art is at the present time, and to which it has been tending for two centuries and a half. . . . The modern, critical principle, which recommends and applauds the most real and life-like imitation of figures, is false and erring; for natural forms must be recast in the imagination, and exalted by the reflection of the mind, before they enter into the symbolic dialect of inspiration. In proportion as an artist makes his figures actual and real in appearance, he diminishes their æsthetic significance; and when he accomplishes an effect of deception or illusion, he has set the seal of dumb imbecility on his work."

Unquestionably the highest purpose of art is the expression of thought and sentiment, and the more spiritual and noble the idea and feeling in the artist's mind, the greater will be his work. But to attain this power of expression, perfect truth, life-like and real representation of forms, is essential. The art which merely presents to us a copy of nature, provided it be really a copy, has its value, and a high value, because it excites in us the emotions of the actual scene; but the art which, by means of the forms of nature truthfully rendered, tells us a story, either of fact or fancy, and puts us in sympathy with the emotions and visions of genius, has a far nobler significance and value. This is accomplished by selection and idealization, which last consists, not in the improvement of nature, (for the works of God cannot be improved by man,) but in catching the real, yet the highest and most spiritual expression of natural objects; or, when the subject is wholly imaginative, in giving to the chosen type the perfection which itself suggests, and which its class as a whole contains. The genius of the artist consists in being able to read and understand the characteristic meaning of objects, which are dumb to common minds. He can convey that meaning only by representing what he sees as he sees it, which is not as others see it. The splendor and beauty perceived by him are not apparent to all, and therefore, when he renders it in his work, men say that it is his imagination and not nature, just as poetry, which is the highest truth, is in popular language called fiction. If the artist seek to symbolize his thought, not by copying, but by imagining a form, he must still recur to nature as his source and guide. He paints or cuts from the marble a Hercules or an Apollo, a Minerva or a Venus. He selects that which embodies his thought, and gives to it a perfection which no individual man or woman perhaps exhibits. But in structure and proportion, in every feature and lineament, it must be human, it must be minutely true according to its character, and its beauty must be the beauty of that whole of which it is the representative. So also with all the forms of nature. The mountain and forest, sky and clouds, ocean and river, tree and flower, rocks, weeds, and pebbles, earth and animals, are

voices many-toned and harmonious, instinct with life and with power to speak to the soul all that it can imagine and feel. The artist may choose them to suit his mood and thought, but he must render them truly. In figure and color, in light and shade, he must give their specific character, or the language will be unmeaning, and will punish him by utter failure.

This truthful realization of nature is a very different thing from the minute imitation which is intended to deceive, and which displays mere mechanical skill. There is no deception in a work of art. It is meant to appear what it is, the representation of a thing, — not the thing itself, — and the attempt to make it anything else excites, not pleasure, but, like all falsehood, disgust. We ask from the artist, not dexterity, but truth and life, and the expression of life is not increased, but injured, by laborious and exact copying of surface and texture. Truth does not depend on the multitude of details, but on their fidelity. The outlines of Flaxman and Retzsch are full of expression, yet they simply delineate form correctly. Engraving adds light and shade; painting, color. In all, the one thing needful for effect is, that there be truth of form, of shade, of color, — that truth on which characteristic appearance depends; above all, that there be no falsehood, or exaggeration, or substitution of the imaginings of the artist for the objects of nature.

May we not say, then, that art is symbolical only because nature is symbolical, — because man in nature sees himself, the expression of his own mind and heart, in every object by which he is surrounded? Our consciousness is stimulated, our whole moral and mental being is called into activity, by the outside world. It is the instrument by which spirit speaks to the soul through the senses. Our reason very soon informs us that matter is phenomenal only, that it is penetrated by ideas and is the expression of ideas, that its beauty is the beauty revealed to us by consciousness in ourselves. "There seems," says Emerson, "to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms, and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of

preceding affections in the world of spirit." And what is man also, but spirit taking form and revealing itself, and thus becoming a telegraph of electric sympathy communicating to his fellow the thoughts and emotions of a common nature? We live in the midst of these powers, we are steeped in them from our birth, and they are our education. Except through this world we can see nothing; it incloses and forms our minds, and

"like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Ever the earth and sky, the sun and stars, are raining influences upon us. Every day the forms and features of men and women stir and excite us. To quote Emerson again, "Man is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. . . . This world, this shadow of the soul, or other me, lies wide around. . . . Nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it, part for part; one is seal and one is print."

There is, therefore, no such thing as the "dull actual" in nature. Forms, necessarily, in themselves, represent thoughts, sentiments, and emotions, and art consists in the "real and life-like" rendering of them, with minute fidelity, as they actually appear to the educated eye and quick sensibility of genius.

As nature expresses God, so man's works reveal his thought and character. He is placed in the midst of forces, some beneficent, but others hostile, which resist him, and which he must subject and govern, or perish. These task and develop his powers of body and mind, and, once conquered by his strength and intellect, they become his servants. Wonderful indeed is it to see how obedient matter is to mind. Man moulds it according to his idea; he uses it to serve his purpose. From that idea and purpose it takes form and pressure, and is ever after a record of them. He cannot touch it but it tells its tale. Everything he does with it was first a thought in his mind, and his work becomes a representative of that thought. Thus the characters of individuals, classes, and nations are revealed by external things. If we visit a farmer, we read him as we drive through his farm before we see him. His fields and fences, his barn, house, and cattle,

have already told us their story. If we go into a library, a glance informs us whether it is for show or for use. The books themselves will tell whether they are read and loved. If we enter a drawing-room, however it may glitter with silk and rosewood, gilding and glass, the glowing carpets and rich hangings, the ottomans, tables, and chairs, will all say in a moment whether they are there to express vulgar ostentation or a refined and sumptuous taste. All things have tongues. A person of low feelings and uncultivated mind, of hard, coarse, or commonplace character, will reveal himself unconsciously in everything he selects and uses, though he may fill his house with luxury and splendor. He cannot avoid displaying his real tastes, not only by his conversation and conduct, but by the material objects which he controls. The cock will always show that he prefers the barley-corn to the gem, the cat transformed to a princess will resume her shape whenever she sees a mouse, and only Cinderella can wear the glass slipper. So with a people. Not in its history and literature only, not in its trade, diplomacy, politics, and laws, is its character to be read. Its towns and cities, its roads and dwellings, its tools and furniture, its dress and ornaments, all depict it. Meaning streams alike from palaces and farm-houses, from the Parthenon and St. Peter's, from the spire of the country church, from New England villages, Irish hovels, and Southern negro-houses, from the diamonds and velvet of fashion and the "hoddin gray" of the laborer. All are symbolical of human life, its history and destiny, its struggles and toils, its joys and sorrows, its thoughts and affections. Religious sentiment has ceased to be the inspiration of art, because religion has ceased to be concrete. It has become reflective and intellectual, and is no longer associated with external objects of worship. But the expressive forms of nature, the relations, labors, pleasures, and passions of social life, the scenes of domestic happiness and grief, the delineation of individual character, the illustration of history and poetry, still afford scope and materials for genius, and will always afford them.

We have seen that art is symbolical because nature's works and man's works are symbolical. Art also is delightful because nature is beautiful. This element of beauty lavished

on the material world by the bounty of God seems specially intended to call forth our nobler qualities, to soften, elevate, and refine. Without it nature might still afford the materials of thought, supply our wants, excite, task, and discipline our faculties, and open a field for our activity. But we are born with a susceptibility to beauty, and Nature is beautiful in all her aspects. What infinite variety of forms and colors is displayed around us! What an inspiring spectacle of grandeur and power, of elegance and grace, do we behold every day of our lives! Not only is this wondrous beauty of Nature spread over her masses and her more important works, man and woman, beast and bird, ocean, lake, and river, sky and clouds, sun, moon, and stars, forest and field, but the smallest objects and most minute details are finished by its delicate touches. Leaves, buds, and grass, the wheat-head and corn-ear with its husks and tassel, the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, branches and twigs of trees, the plumage of birds, the horns, paws, and claws of animals, eggs and fruit, rocks and pebbles, water and fire, — everything that we use most and see oftenest, is decorated for our delight. We are immersed in this atmosphere, this encasing element of form and color, all our days. Beauty is the prism through which we look on nature, which thus appears to us overspread with radiant hues.

Let us, therefore, welcome and cultivate the art that reproduces this beauty, not only in its higher efforts, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, but in its humblest sphere. Let us bring it into our houses and grounds, and our daily life. Every homestead, farm, garden, and apartment should be a work of art, that is, should be beautiful, and should express appropriate feelings and uses. We should endeavor to surround ourselves with beauty, because it is a source of the noblest pleasure, and a means of the highest culture. It is not the privilege of the rich, but a common property. Without it, wealth is vulgar, and with it, a humble home elegant and refined. Let us go to Nature for it, and not to the upholsterer. Let us catch and combine her forms and colors, and fix them in our dwellings for daily solace and delight. Her suggestions and teachings are to be found without much seeking, in every field and wood, in way-side

bushes and flowers, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We should cultivate art, because it educates us to the perception and love of beauty, and thus leads us from the beauty of the external and visible to the beauty of the internal and invisible, of which matter is the image, so that we come to consider, as Plato says, "the beauty existing in the soul of greater value than that existing in the body." We ascend naturally from the contemplation of material beauty to the moral and spiritual beauty of which it is the type. To express this is the highest excellence of art; but it is more powerfully expressed by character and conduct. Thus we see the deep meaning of Plato when he compared the beauty of a horse, a maiden, and a soup-tureen, with the beauty of actions and of doctrines, and therefore has it been said that an heroic life is the noblest poem, and "a beautiful behavior the finest of the fine arts."

Nature was not exhausted by producing the art of Greece and Italy, but has been ever since prolific of genius. A remarkable combination of similar causes developed that art to a perfection since unequalled, but there are many grades of excellence below the highest yet worthy admiration. There are flowers on the earth as well as stars in the sky, and if in our day the heavens are so clouded that the stars cannot shine out, we may love and cherish the flowers. As Ruskin says, "We all know that the nightingale sings more nobly than the lark, but who therefore would wish the lark not to sing, or deny that it had a character of its own, which bore among the melodies of creation a part no less essential than that of the more richly gifted bird?" Europe is embellished by art, ancient and modern, and this gives to foreign travel its chief interest and charm. Art there pervades the life of the cultivated classes, and diffuses through society its elevating and refining influences. Every city has its fine specimens of architecture, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its public parks and gardens. America is herein necessarily deficient. Our past has been employed in the rude contest of man with nature, and our country is not adorned with the accumulated treasures of ages of civilization and wealth. Our efforts are

still chiefly devoted to the necessary and the useful, to supplying common wants, not to the gratification of intellectual and cultivated tastes, and our habits and manners lack the grace and charm which æsthetic culture alone can give. That we feel this want is shown by the multiplied attempts to supply it. That it will be supplied is apparent from the accumulating collections, public and private, of paintings and sculpture, and the marked improvement of late years in domestic architecture and landscape gardening. In this as in other things we must rely on the future. The world around us, here as in Europe, now as always, teems with the materials and inspiration of art, and doubtless, in the perennial fertility of nature, the genius and the occasion will again arise to give birth to works which may equal or excel the past.

The most attractive portions of Mr. Wallace's book are his descriptions of the scenery of the Alps and Italy, and of the cathedrals of Europe, and his criticisms of the paintings of the great masters. He exhibits careful study, and full appreciation of the highest meaning and use of art. Taste, which is the perception and love of beauty, varies with natural susceptibility and cultivation. The domain of the subjective is vague and undetermined, but without doubt the outside world is different to different individuals. This difference is caused perhaps to some extent by diversity of physical organization, but is chiefly the result of mental constitution. As color cannot be perceived by the blind, so beauty cannot be felt without sensibility; for beauty is not in nature, but in the mind. Like all our faculties, taste is improved, made more comprehensive and acute, by exercise and observation. Most persons enjoy a fine prospect, especially in summer or autumn, but the student and lover of nature sees and feels the beauty of every season, of all landscapes, of every object. The ability to appreciate the moral and spiritual expression of nature is still more rare. It implies a soul open to such influences. As, according to Lord Bacon, we live only so far as we know, in like manner we see in nature only what we are. The coarse and dull, the sensual and worldly, do not see beauty in nature; for we see not with the eye, but the mind.

They behold only themselves. In the tree they see so many feet of timber; in the field, its worth per acre; in the waving harvest, so many bushels. Nature for them is a workshop for profit or a table for food, whilst to the artist and the poet it is at once a solemn temple and a festive palace.

The artist also sees according to his sensibility, and the difference between him and other men is, that his sensibility is more keen, his delight more vivid. Nature fills him with quicker feelings and more glowing ideas, which necessarily seek for human sympathy in expression. Inspired by these, he seizes pen, pencil, or chisel, and his work is a record of the meaning the world has for him, of his own thought and emotion, of himself. He can be understood only by related minds. As in nature, so in art, insight keeps pace with sensibility; we can see in it only so much as reflects ourselves. Thus it is that the highest secrets of the great works of genius, whether of philosophy, poetry, or painting, are necessarily esoteric,—are closed to the multitude,—and fame is the verdict of successive generations of the wise. Therefore has Ruskin truly said that the highest art, “being based on sensations of peculiar minds, sensations occurring to them only at peculiar times and to a plurality of mankind perhaps never, and being expressive of thoughts that could only arise out of a mass of the most extended knowledge and of dispositions modified in a thousand ways by peculiarity of intellect, can only be met and understood by persons having some sort of sympathy with the minds that produced it, sympathy only to be felt by minds in some degree high and solitary themselves.”

That Mr. Wallace was one of those minds, this little volume is sufficient evidence. He was keenly sensitive to the beautiful in nature and art, and responded with eager and passionate sympathy to all their noblest influences and meanings. Indeed, the tone of his mind was so philosophic and lofty, he was so filled with moral and religious sentiment, that he was led to overlook and depreciate the humbler, but still delightful and instructive, provinces of art. He wrote under the influence of enthusiasm produced by the greatest works. He saw in them a reflection of his own feelings, he found himself, and was satisfied.

The interest of the subject has already led us too far, but we cannot close this article without giving to our readers a few specimens of Mr. Wallace's style of thought and language. The following extracts from his descriptions of Alpine scenery will show the impression made on him by its sublime solitudes.

"Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven and standing together in silent, mysterious vastness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks into the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara, — the ocean, — cathedrals, — all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equalled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reprov'd and chastened by the spectacle." — p. 169.

"The glittering glacier of the Bright-horn at the upper end of the valley overhangs you throughout a third part of the ascent. When you are half-way up, and wind round the mountain so as to get directly above the ravine from which you have ascended, the noise of the torrents of the Lauterbrunnen, inaudible when you were below, comes to you in a mingled roar, like a deep chorus of waters. Here a man was blowing upon a long, crooked Alpine horn, and the mountainous response was most singular and beautiful. When the tune on the horn was ended, the Alps made, not an echo, but a reproduction of it, in an improved and heightened character. They took it up, and chanted the air again with infinite sweetness, and a dancing grace that was delightful. They seemed to constitute a natural instrument of music, to which the horn was but the awakening breath, and which transmitted the original impulse, varied into the richest melody. When this repeated tune was done, there came a soft, long gush of sound, as if the vocal mountains breathed, after the protracted air they had executed. Further up, and

almost at the top of the Wengern, were herds of kine, and sheep, with their keepers. The bleating and lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the piping of the boys, amid the stillness of all but natural sounds, formed a fine specimen of the picturesque in *sound*." — p. 174.

"The day was perfect; of the brightest clearness, but with a few white clouds rolling and whirling, and dashing about with swiftiness before the westerly wind, to diversify the scene; sometimes enveloping the summits and hiding them from view, then drawing off and letting them flash out in unshrouded effulgence. The contrast between the pearly white of the foaming clouds, the metallic radiance of the icy mountains, and the profound blue of the sky, was indescribably fine. Immediately before and above me was the broad, dazzling summit of Jungfrau; a little nearer, the Silverhorn, which is a projection upon its breast, in shape like a bent wave or half-curved leaf of pure snow, as lustrous as silver. On either side of them were a throng of Alps. The avalanches were falling at brief intervals. The sight is nothing, but the sound is magical. You see, perhaps, a few fragments of ice slide over the surface of the mountain, and after it has all fallen, you begin to hear a plunging sound, echoing along like softened tones of thunder. It is as deep as thunder, but not so sharp and harsh. The vision from the summit of the Fauldhorn, in vastness and brilliance and diversity, suffers nothing to be brought into comparison with it; but for moral impression the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, stands alone in its transcendent majesty. It is the apparent nearness, yet sense of untraversable remoteness, of that august form, that shines so distinct and still so distant, that belongs to earth, and yet is visited and companioned by the clouds. You seem to be in the inner court of the mundane heaven of Alpine glory; to have approached within the veil of the recess of that sublimity which sends its light over the land for hundreds of miles. In the beauty of that scene, grandeur is exalted into holiness." — pp. 175, 176.

"On the following morning I was on the spot at a quarter before five o'clock, to see the sun rise. The morning star yet glittered like a diamond over the peak of Finster-Aarhorn, and the crescent moon was lingering above the snowy piles. The sky was cloudless; and the principal thing to be noted was the roseate blush with which the High Alps responded to the sun's first rays, before any other peaks had become conscious of his coming. Schriekhorn first caught the messenger ray of the morning; but in an instant after Jungfrau was aglow, and the radiance streamed along the whole of the lofty range. The actual rising of the sun is not visible from the top of Fauldhorn, at least at

that particular season. It is hidden by the Schiedeck and Schwartzhorn, which intervene, and we saw the sun only as it came over their shoulders. At nine o'clock I began to descend ; taking leave with profound regret of these snow-capped summits, with which for nearly two days I had been in intimate companionship. There is something inexpressibly interesting in such society. In their age and their duration without change, in the complete inability of human power to act upon them in any way whatever, they carry with them such suggestions of sublimity, and they are in themselves of such peculiar and surpassing beauty, that one conceives almost a passionate affection for their exalted presence." — pp. 184, 185.

Nature, it seems, was full of moral and spiritual meaning for Mr. Wallace, and after reading such eloquent and animated passages, we are tempted again to ask, Would not the art that should truthfully represent these grand and majestic scenes, as they appear to the eye and mind of genius, be of high worth and dignity, and symbolical like the scenes themselves ?

From the Alps Mr. Wallace went to Italy, and his description of Italy, after the Alps, is like the brilliant burst of spring after the solemn sublimity of winter ; glowing and beautiful, the effusion of a mind sensitive, thoughtful, and informed, excited by the influences of the present and thronged with the associations of history.

His descriptions of the great cathedrals of Europe are very elaborate, and exhibit careful study of the subject. In some parts they are too minute and technical to interest the general reader, but they nevertheless, in many passages, represent with powerful effect the characteristics of the architecture, and are evidently inspired by genuine enthusiasm for art. They are admirable criticisms, at once poetic and learned, the result of love and knowledge, the highest sources of all excellence. We make a few extracts, selecting such as illustrate Mr. Wallace's leading idea, that art is an emanation of religious sentiment.

"The composition of the whole façade exhibits a varied and luxurious invention, a nice sense of proportion, and a power to dispose multitudinous details into grand and orderly masses, by which simplicity is restored to a combination that otherwise might have become embarrassed. As your eye returns over the whole façade, or lingers upon the brilliant effects which its many combinations develop, you cannot but

admire the creative vigor which could marshal and group the elements of sculpture and architecture into union without mixture, and in a manner to co-operate without losing their distinctness. The lowest story or base, consisting of the portals, is exceedingly rich with sculpture, and is the heaviest part of the whole front. In the middle range, with its central wheel-window and the open lancet arches on each side of it, there is no sculpture except half a dozen figures between and at the outsides of these. Above this, the third story, in its line of kings, prophets, and apostles, returns upon sculpture, yet in a manner lighter and simpler than that which prevails about the portals. Then rise on high the towers, in airy openness, altogether free from figures. Thus the first and third stories correspond in being chiefly sculptural, but the higher one much less copiously so; the second, and the towers, in being purely architectural; the second, however, which allies the first and third, has enough of sculpture to keep up the sense of consistency and connection between them. Thus a series of sculptural and architectural courses, interposed in an ascending and diminishing range, carries you from the gates of the church, around which earthly life clings, into the pinnacles above the church, which no mortal form may scale, and which may be visited only by the viewless angels from the air. . . . I touch but a few points of the interest and beauty of this noble front. Like all other cathedrals that were built while Gothic architecture was yet a living and plastic essence, it must be studied, in its combination and unity, as a creation of inspired art; the forms and figures which it deals in being but the elements whose significance is derived from the moulding shapes in which they are disposed. Thus dealt with, architecture becomes a symbolic medium of spiritual meaning, of imaginative suggestion, not less ideal and prophetic than music, painting, and song. In the rich and grand impressions which this remarkable front evolves, one may see, as in an opera of Mozart, an ever-gushing sensuousness of melodies, regulated and toned down by a yet mightier and more commanding power of harmony."—*Rheims Cathedral*, pp. 89, 90.

"Of all the cathedrals I have seen, I know of nothing of such imaginative, spiritual, ethereal beauty, as the interior of Bourges. In regularity and simplicity, it exceeds perhaps even Salisbury; yet in every line of its fabric, the vivifying touch of creative genius is visible. The elements are the finest and most delicate that were ever combined for so great an effect as this; but it is the inspired ideality of impression with which these forms are played upon, the poetic significance and suggestiveness of the composition, that constitutes the mental charm of this half-heavenly erection. Beneath his hand who fashioned this structure, arches, vaults, columns, surfaces, were as the finest notes

of an organ under the fingers of a master, who, forming in his mind some airy conception of the beautiful and exalting, steeps it in sounds, that crystallize around it, until some one of Art's deathless existences is formed for the glory and gladness of the world. Matter, under the contagious fires of such an artist's handling, becomes animated and co-operative: his touch seems to shoot electric energies of intelligence into mechanical substances; to infuse instincts of forms by which they voluntarily marshal themselves into the array of beauty." — p. 95.

"The front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of nature. A vast interior may produce the impression of a profound and mystic grandeur; but that is chiefly because it is viewed apart from standards of comparison, and thus the mind's solemn feelings flow forth and distend the space into an ideal immensity corresponding with an emotion of reverence that grows within the spirit. But look upon the front of Strasbourg Cathedral from some point when you may view at the same time the noble mountain ranges of the Vosges and the Black Forest, divided by the broad waters of the grandest river in Europe; view it when the sun in heaven stands in splendor beside its sky-piercing spire, and sends down upon it a gushing tribute of enkindling lustre, or when the ancient stars come forth upon the sky to gladden themselves with its beauty, and the new moon walks over the whole circle of the heavens to view the entireness of the whole pile; then, even then, in the presence of such objects, which are the joy of creation, the representatives of the energy of The Infinite, Strasbourg Cathedral seems, and ever shall seem, 'a glorious work' of power, of beauty, and of grandeur. The extraordinary height to which the vast breadth of this façade rises, shooting thence still upward in the fountain-like jet of its spire, furnishes some explanation of this effect. As you come upon the place where it stands, it seems to rear itself aloft like the wall of the world, coming athwart you, as if it would stop all progress and all view. It is enough to say, that it is the highest human structure upon the face of the earth." — pp. 111, 112.

We would gladly, did space permit, make further extracts from these descriptions of the noblest works of human genius, particularly from those of the cathedrals of Friburg, Milan, and St. Peters. They are rich with eloquence and feeling, cultivated taste and philosophic thought. Unfinished as they are, it would be difficult to find in our language, even in Ruskin's wild, erratic, but brilliant, poetic, and often profound dis-

courses, compositions of a higher character. We must also pass by, with merely an admiring reference, the *Essays on the works of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael*. Though they show, more perhaps than the rest of the book, the want of the writer's last touches, and therefore must not be viewed as completed productions, yet they are admirable specimens of discriminating criticism. The knowledge of the nature and history of art, the spiritual insight and imaginative power which they exhibit, entitle them to a high rank in the literature of the subject. The *Essay on the Philosophy of Comte* relates to a topic too extensive to be touched upon at present.

It has been said that every man owes a debt to his profession. That debt Mr. Wallace discharged. It is also true that every scholar and thinker owes a debt to society. Unspoken thought is barren of fruit; it is the written word, a seed cast into the field of time, that connects a man with the future and makes him a cause. To express its thought, is the high life-purpose of genius. Whatever is in a man's mind that seems to him good, let him say it, and add it to the influences that control opinion, and thus determine the destiny of the world. Let him cast it forth, without misgiving or fear, to take its chance. If it have truth and beauty, it is vital, and will grow and germinate, and in its turn bear seed, and take its rank, high or humble, among the spiritual powers of life, in time and eternity. It appears from this work that Mr. Wallace belonged to this privileged and noble order of scholars and thinkers, and that he was laboring faithfully at his task when summoned away from earthly labors and hopes. He was working in the highest sphere of man's effort, the study of moral and spiritual truth, with what zeal and ability these fragments show. It is painful to receive them thus, and in their present shape. It would have been pleasant to greet this bold diver into the depths of the unknown, rising joyfully from the waves, and holding in his victorious hand the pearls of truth; to cheer him onward in his career, instead of lamenting its early close. We feel a sense of loss in thinking of all that he would have been and done. Therefore we the more wish to possess what he actually accomplished, and hope that a judi-

cious selection from the works he has left may be given to the public. The well-considered opinions and convictions of such a mind must be of value, and should not be withheld. They may not meet with ready reception and general appreciation, but works on philosophy are not popular, and the higher their merit, the more limited is their immediate influence and the more tardy their meed of fame. Yet both are sure to come at last. As Goethe says, —

“The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
Wins its slow way in silence, and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward.”

ART. X. — *Learning and Working. Six Lectures, delivered in Willis's Rooms, London, in June and July, 1854. The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization. Four Lectures delivered in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in December, 1854.* By FREDERIC DENISON MAURICE, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge (England): Macmillan & Co. 12mo. pp. 350.

THE name of Frederic Denison Maurice is known in this country better and better every year, and always as connected with some energetic and hopeful effort for the welfare of England. One of those faithful ministers of the English Church who have found out that, whatever the rust on her machinery, their business is to make it do what it will, and to trust God that he will work with them, Mr. Maurice, as a theologian, a classical scholar, or a social reformer, appears as a man more eager to work than to argue, and to set things right than to prove that others have been in the wrong. He catches the sympathy of his readers all the more, we believe, because it is quite clear that his natural genius tends not so much to execution as toward speculation, — perhaps dreamy speculation. But the bent of his conscience is as decided towards action and immediate action. And his work in the world, as from